BETH

You live across the hall from this awesome couple. They’re both gorgeous. The woman’s a soprano, kind of a celebrity; the guy writes and works in another high-powered job and is just incredibly nice and funny and kind. Sometimes they invite you to their dinners, or you all go on walks. One night, everything changes. The woman is gone. The man is in horrible shape. You make a point of seeing him everyday, helping him clean, making sure he eats, trying to get him through this. You have always loved him.

Your Lines

BETH: It felt strange, looking through her private things. It felt like I was violating her. She already gave up so much of her privacy just by being a little bit famous. Did she ever show you, the fan mail she received? … I never thought about what it might be like to be her. I was always just jealous of her.

EVAN: You were jealous?

BETH: (Nervously) Right. A little bit. Because she was so successful, you know? But, I guess, there's always more than meets the eye, right?

...

EVAN: Was I a good man to her?

BETH: (Startled.) What do you mean?

EVAN: Was I good?

BETH: You were wonderful.

EVAN: But. Not good enough.

BETH: You were wonderful.

EVAN: How did I not know then? ... What did I do wrong?

BETH: You didn't do anything wrong. You didn't.

(She raises a hand to touch him, but then changes her mind. It is not her place to touch him.)

BETH: It's not your fault, Evan. I swear to you. None of it is your fault. Olivia was troubled. There were things, in her life. She had her own demons.

EVAN: She never told me. She never told any of it to me.

BETH: Maybe she just couldn't.

EVAN: Maybe I didn't listen. That was all she ever wanted. For people to listen.

BETH: Evan, I think...there's...Don't be so hard on yourself, okay? It's not your fault.

(Evan starts to cry. Beth is uncertain how she fits into this particular moment. She squeezes his hand, but there is like a force field preventing any further intimacy.)

BETH: I should go. I'll come back tomorrow, okay?

EVAN: Wait. Please don't go. I'm sorry. Please? Stay?

BETH: ("Do I get myself into this?") Okay. I'll stay.